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A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

An Aged and Respected Lady of
Kittery Nearly Murdered.

FRANK PARKS COMMITS THE DIA-
BOLICAL DEED.

The Drunken Fiend Hunted Down
and Arrested.

Robbery the Motive; Rum the Instigator.—Terrible Scene in
a Kittery Dwelling.—The Victim Just Alive at Mid-
night.—Head Mangled to a Jelly; Eye Crushed Out; Jaw
Hacked with a Knife.—Still Conscious and Able to De-
scribe Her Assailant.

Elvira Tarlton, aged eighty-eight years, a widow woman, of Kittery, was found at her home at 4:35 on Monday afternoon in an unconscious condition, lying on the floor in a pool of blood and with a number of horrible cuts and bruises about the face and head. Shortly before she was found Frank Parks of Kittery, who bears a bad reputation, was seen to jump through one of the kitchen windows of the house and dart down street. George A. Williams, a well-known employe of the navy yard, saw him crash through the window and at once gave chase, but young Parks was a swift runner and soon eluded him. Parks' object was robbery, as it was reported that Mrs. Tarlton had considerable money in the house and as she lived alone he had planned to rob her. She was a remarkably well preserved woman for her years and from the appearances of the room she gave him a warm battle. Dr. John J. Berry of Portsmouth and Dr. E. E. Shapleigh of Kittery were soon in the house and made an examination of her wounds and pronounced her injuries fatal. Frank Parks, the young man charged with the crime, is now under arrest.

Town Wild With Excitement.
The town of Kittery has during its history witnessed many exciting scenes, but Monday evening eclipsed everything on record. The news that a terrible crime had been committed—that one of the old and respected citizens of the town had been almost murdered by a ruffian, spread from house to house and in less than half an hour the main street, from the Piscataqua house to the home of the near-by murdered woman—Mrs. Elvira Tarlton, situated on a lane off Government street, was thronged with excited people, all anxious to assist in the capture of the criminal who had committed the dastardly deed. One of the first, and the first reporter to reach the scene of the crime, was a representative of the Herald and when he arrived at the Tarlton house there was a crowd in front and all were engaged in rehearsing the sad details of the work of the fiend who had inflicted the wicked looking cuts and bruises upon the body of old Mrs. Tarlton. When the Herald man entered the house a scene of confusion met his eye, but after offering a few suggestions the excited throng of people within the house were able to render valuable assistance to Dr. Shapleigh, who was busy attending to Mrs. Tarlton's wounds. The Herald man suggested that the kitchen, with its horrible scene of blood stained ceilings and furniture, remain undisturbed until the authorities gave the order, and then caused the kind-hearted women to cease their work

of covering up the evidence of the crime by removing all the implements used by the murderer and the ruin he had done to everything in the room. Through the thoughtfulness of Dr. Shapleigh a number of hot water bags were immediately obtained from the neighbors and as soon as he had applied restoratives the unconscious woman regained consciousness and recognized the doctor and told of her sufferings. Told The Herald Representative How He Struck Her. To the Herald man she described her assailant and said he had struck her with a syrup bottle on the head. She said he came to the back door and she let him in, but could not tell his name. He had a dark mustache and was a young man. He had ransacked the house, but she could not tell whether he had used any other weapon besides the bottle.

The Scene of Horror.
The kitchen of the Tarlton house was bespattered with blood from the floor to the ceiling. Under the table, just inside the door, was a bottle which contained pieces of flesh from the face of the victim. Behind the sofa was a common butcher knife, which also contained blood. A can of raspberry preserves had been smashed and covered the space in front of the stove. The almost lifeless body of the woman was found just in front of the stove, in a pool of blood, and kind-hearted neighbors had removed her to a sofa in the same room soon after she was found. Her head was a mass of cuts and bruises, while her face had been hammered almost to a jelly. Her left eye had been gouged out and horrible gashes extended from either corner of her mouth to her ears. Her hands were slashed and cut as if she had grabbed hold of a knife which the would-be murderer had used.

From The Man Who Saw Parks.
George A. Williams, whose premises adjoin those of Mrs. Tarlton, saw the murderer make his escape from the Tarlton house and tried to catch him. Mr. Williams was interviewed by a Herald reporter at his home very shortly after the discovery of the terrible crime. He said: "When I came home about half-past four o'clock, my wife told me that a half-hour previous she had seen a young fellow acting suspiciously about Mrs. Tarlton's house. He had appeared drunk. She thought that I ought to go down and see if things were all right. We have always been solicitous about Mrs. Tarlton's welfare, living, as she did, all alone and being of such an advanced age. So I went down to her

house at once. I could not open the back door. I rapped upon it several times and finally Mrs. Tarlton called from within 'The door is locked, Mr. Williams.' Thinking that she might have had a fainting spell, I went across to Frank Kuse's to get Mr. Kuse to come over. I had hardly got the other side of the fence when I heard a great smashing of window glass back at the Tarlton house.

"I turned and hurried that way and saw a young chap coming out through one of the dining room windows. He made off through the yard as fast as he could go. I pursued him, but he had too much of a start and outstripped me. While chasing him up the street, I met James Boardman, and asked him who that fellow was.

"It's Frank Parks," said Boardman. "Why, what's he done?" "I told him that the fellow had just broken out of Mrs. Tarlton's house. Then we went back there and found the old lady lying in the kitchen."

The Capture of Parks.

As soon as possible after the crime was discovered and it had become known that young Parks was implicated in the affair, a searching party was organized to capture him. On a call for volunteers some forty young men, and old, most of them residents of Kittery, stepped forward and offered their services.

This strong party, armed with revolvers and clubs, and headed by Constables Perkins and Lambert, started for the home of young Parks, which is a lonely, out-of-the-way place in the northern part of the town. He was known to have gone in that direction, as he was seen by several townspeople.

Conductor Thomas E. Wilson of the P. K. & Y. electric road, saw him go over the hill towards that part of the town called "Shantyville," and disappear in Spiney's woods.

The searching party divided up into several squads, and each headed by a responsible party, scoured the woods thoroughly, all the time approaching nearer and closing in around his home.

Some one must have been on the watch, for no sooner did the first party come in sight of the house than Parks was seen to leave by a rear door and start across the fields. He was quickly headed off, and seeing escape cut off in that direction, turned back and re-entered the house.

In a short time the building was surrounded by a silent, but grim and determined crowd of men, who cut off every avenue of escape. Constables Perkins and Lambert then started for the door, but before they got there it was thrown open and Mr. Parks, father of the boy, stepped out and said: "He is in there, go in and get him."

The two constables and Mr. Elroy Cottle went into the room and without any trouble, slipped the iron bracelets on the wrists of the suspected man. He made no resistance, but seemed to be in a kind of drunken stupor.

He did not deny committing the crime, but talked in a maudlin manner all the way to the town lockup. Arriving there, he was searched, but beyond a half pint bottle of liquor, nothing was found on his person.

He was left in irons and two keepers, William Jackson and George Chicker, placed guard over him. A crowd of several hundred people surrounded the lockup, and numerous threats were made, but it was among the younger element, and they soon dispersed.

This is not the first time that Parks has been in the clutches of the law, he

Woman is the
Nervous Part
Of Humanity

Man the muscular—the peculiar needs of the gentler sex are best supplied by the pure blood, good appetite, better digestion, greater strength which come from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "It made me a new woman," write many warm friends who have realized its benefits. It is unquestionably the best medicine money can buy.

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
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having served three different terms in the Alfred jail. The police of this city have a warrant for his arrest, and have been looking for him for some time past, but he has always kept on the other side of the river.

He will be arraigned before Justice Neal in Kittery this morning, and will be held to await further events.

Mr. Clarence M. Prince, the well known provision dealer, says that Parks has followed him a number of times when he was returning from his store, and he always thought that perhaps he was looking for a chance to rob him, as at times he carried a considerable amount of money with him.

Sketch of the Victim.

Mrs. Tarlton was a most estimable woman and was extremely well liked by all her neighbors. She has one son, Mr. Seth Sterling, and one daughter, Mrs. Emily Morse, residing in Kittery, both of whom were nearly prostrated with grief over the terrible affair. She also has two daughters residing in other cities: Mrs. Charles Rollins of Haverhill and Mrs. Abbie Ferrie of Fort Schuyler, New York.

She has one sister, Mrs. Abbie Trevelthen, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. William B. Rand, on Green street in this city. On account of Mrs. Trevelthen's advanced age, she having celebrated her ninety-third birthday last week, she was not told of the terrible crime on Monday evening.

How Parks Passed the Night.

Frank Parks, the perpetrator of as villainous an assault as was ever committed in the state of Maine must be a veritable human monster. Last night, with the knowledge that the blood of an old and defenceless woman would probably be upon his head before the dawn of another day, he curled up on the hard couch in the lock-up at Kittery and soon sank into a deep slumber from which he awakened but twice during the night. Both of those times he asked for a drink of water and upon its being furnished him, he wriggled about until his body rested comfortably and was soon snoring again.

Bright and early this morning he was awakened by his two keepers, Messrs. Chickering and Jackson and told to get up and prepare for breakfast. This was brought in to him and he ate with evident relish the food that was before him. Never once did he refer to his awful deed of the night before and inquire as to whether his victim was living or dead. At 8:30 o'clock he was told to put on his hat and coat and prepare to accompany the constable to the office of Judge Neal.

Committed to Alfred Jail.

Word was received from County Solicitor W. S. Matthews of Berwick that he had another case on hand and consequently could not be in Kittery today. He gave orders not to have the evidence of the crime disturbed at the Tarlton house and instructed that Parks be arraigned before a trial justice without bail, there to await the result of Mrs. Tarlton's injuries. At nine o'clock Parks was brought before Judge Neal at the latter's residence. He appeared to be unconcerned at what was going on and paid more attention to the irons on his wrists than anything else. Judge Neal read two warrants before him, one charging him with intent to kill and the other aggravated assault with intent to commit robbery. He pleaded not guilty to both charges and outside of the plea the only thing he could be induced to say was "I know nothing about it." Judge Neal ordered that he be taken to Alfred to await the result of Mrs. Tarlton's injuries. Constable Perkins took his prisoner to the Kittery Junction depot in a team and boarded the 10 o'clock train for the east. Parks was without counsel and the only friend he appeared to have in the world was his father who took him good bye and headed him a rim of money.

Rapidly Sinking.

Mrs. Mary Elvira Tarlton, the victim of last night's terrible assault, was alive this morning but sinking rapidly. She had not been removed from the

sofa in the room where she was struck down, for it was thought that she would not survive the ordeal and her friends were anxious that she should live until the arrival of her daughter from Haverhill, Mass. Last night she told Dr. Shapleigh that Parks came in and demanded money. She gave him \$20. This was not enough and he wasted more. Then he struck her down. As no money was found upon Park's person when searched it is supposed that he either threw the money away during the time he was pursued or else has hidden it at home.

Gathered From The Crowd.
The county attorney was notified on Monday evening.

Mrs. Tarlton lived in a most pleasantly situated cottage. The prompt work of the local authorities was praiseworthy.

Constable John Perkins found a number of citizens anxious and willing to assist.

Mrs. J. W. Richardson and other ladies rendered valuable assistance at the house.

The evidence of George A. Williams will be the most valuable of any of the witnesses.

Mrs. Frank Kuse and Mrs. Isaac Lambert were among the first persons to reach the scene.

A crowd of several hundred people was at the ferry landing when the crowd returned from the scene of the crime.

LATER.

Mrs. Mary Elvira Tarlton died from the injuries received at the hands of Frank Parks last evening, shortly after one o'clock this afternoon. She did not regain consciousness after midnight and slowly faded away until death released her from all future suffering. Parks will now have to answer to the charge of murder.

Considerate Mules.
Gen. Banks was besieging Port Hudson, La., the southern gateway to the control of the Mississippi river. A body of troops had marched into the back country to look for hovering Confederate cavalry, and were sleeping one moonless night behind stacked rifles in readiness for a night attack. The attack came in an unexpected form. Some six or eight army mules, getting somehow detached from the wagon wheels to which they were tied at night, were seized by a panic, and came charging down almost the entire line of the Fifty-second Massachusetts Volunteers. Every man lay covered with a "shelter tent," a piece of white cotton cloth about five feet square. As the mules rushed over each one of us woke suddenly with a cry and sprang up, raising his shelter tent in one hand or upon his front, so that he seemed like a sheeted and gibbering ghost. This successive rising of over 400 apparitions added wildness to the panic of the mules, and they fairly flew down the line. Now, the remarkable thing is that while many a man has his side rubbed hard or his scalp abraded by the hoof or leg of a mule, not a man was really stepped on or badly hurt. It was for months a subject of comment with us that the mules in their intended panic should nevertheless have been able to see where to step, should have cared where they stepped, and in their speed should have been able to step on the ground.

PENCILINGS.
"I am greatly indebted to you!" is a polite remark that a great many men could truthfully make to the grocer and "he provision dealer." The unmerciful man never lays up anything, excepting possibly a grogg against the world.

SPANISH CANNON ARRIVE.

The big Spanish guns, taken from the Spanish war ships Orizaba, Guisao and Oquendo, and shipped from Washington to this novel station through the efforts of Congressman Anthony, arrived at the freight depot last afternoon, and will be taken to the front today.

Indulgence of the skin is harmful. Most everybody is suffering from it. Use only one ointment. Don't's Ointment. Price, 25 cents.

MADAM OF THE IVIES.

BY ELIZABETH PERKINS TRAIN.

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CHAPTER III.

It was her pleasure to accompany me to my room, whither I led her according to her direction, her hand resting on my arm. We were nearly of equal height, which made it specially easy for me to become her guide.

She left me after a while, having assured herself that things had been made comfortable for my reception. And indeed, a far more capacious person than I, and one used to far greater luxury, could scarcely have found anything to complain of in the small suite of rooms—chamber, sitting-room and bath—that had been recently appointed, in view of the fact that Madam was about to receive into her house a new inmate.

I made a cursory inspection of my apartments, disposed my belongings for the night, after refreshing myself with the dairy supper which Madam insisted I should take in my room, being firmly of the opinion that I was too fatigued to dine below stairs, went to the window and stood for some time gazing in dreamy abstraction out into the night.

A small crescent of light hung low in the heavens, and shed the tenderest of possible illuminations over the world. The night was so still that an almost unearthly hush seemed to have fallen from its wings. On the left, winding away into unfathomable distance, was the avenue which had been my way hither, and far below on the right, dimly and partially discernible through the sombre branches of the grim and forbidding poplars, gleamed forth that cold and spectral mass of masonry that formed the house which had attracted my notice as I approached The Ivies.

Almost beneath me it lay, for I was in a wing of the house in close proximity to the cliff that overhung it. Its utter gloom (there were no lights about it) and air of ghostly mystery struck cold and chill upon my fancy. I felt it to be a house with a history, and fell wondering what that history might be; whether I should ever learn it; whether it had connection with the tragedy which seemed to stalk nakedly and yet closely masked about the house in which I had elected to take up my abode. Would the time come when the secrets of Madam's life would be matters of familiar detail to me? Would my courage and the support of that inner monitor on which I so largely depended be sufficient to counteract the loneliness and depression of my surroundings?

Brave and possessed of enthusiasm for my mistress though I was, independent of the diversions of youth as I had professed myself, I could not close my eyes to the fact that I had never before been tested by such extreme conditions as these, and I wondered if, after the poverty of the situation had worn off, I should be able to find enough matter of interest in the place to hold at as a natural and by no means exaggerated yearning for occupation and diversion.

I fell asleep still revolving in my mind the possibilities in the case. The next morning was as different from the afternoon that preceded it as it is possible for two days at the same season of the year to be. Whereas the evening had been cold, bleak and dreary, suggestive of the desolation and abomination of winter, the dawn was balmy, mild and pleasant, indicative of spring and all things vernal and joyous.

I made a hasty toilet with my mind overthrown wide open to the pure sun air, which was deliciously invigorating to my city-bred lungs. Then I went out into the long corridor on which my rooms opened, and which led to the large upper hall which I have already described. Having gained this, I paused at the balustrade, admiring its carved beauties, and gazing down into the hall beneath, fastening my eyes upon the harmonious picture of still-life the splendid apartment presented.

My occupation of the previous afternoon had been too brief and the light too insufficient for me to discover half its beauties; but now they stood in the brilliant morning sunshine, fully revealed to my admiring eyes. Especially did the sunlight bring into prominence a stained-glass window of enormous proportions, which made a glowing bit of mural decoration of the further end of the hall. It had for subject Christ and the repentant Magdalen, and was a masterpiece of design and effective coloring. About the walls ran low book-cases of dark mahogany, filled to overflowing with books in costly bindings, suggesting the thought that formerly at the use of the place had been that of a library. The shelves which topped these cases were covered with beautiful vases, curios, ornaments of modern and antique design; and above these pictures lined the spaces, extending way up the vast stretches of the walls until they mingled with the gallery above.

While I stood thus, enjoying to the full its rare feast of delight, I heard a weak uncertain footstep behind me. It never crossed my mind that it could be Madam. Despite her blindness, there was no faltering or indirection in any of her movements. I turned, therefore, expecting to confront some servant, and such, indeed, proved to be the case. But the servant was of a type far different from any I had ever been acquainted with.

The woman who had approached me so silently that until she stood within arm's length I had been unaware of her presence was of so strange and singular an appearance that involuntarily I shrank from nearer association, with a recoil of my person of which I was at once ashamed. She was a creature so incongruous of aspect, of such woeful incongruity of design and fulfiling, so evidently an embodiment of a living grief, that one instinctively shrank from her with so unmitigated an aversion as to despair.

Have you ever seen a garden so fair and gracious of appearance that to gaze upon it satisfies every aesthetic craving of your nature; a garden whose form and design seem absolutely perfect, whose flowers are of the rarest and most exquisite development, in which the sun loves to linger

like a lover, and over whose pleasant paths and verdant blue skies brood tenderly and peacefully? Have you, later, beheld this scene of natural and cultivated loveliness after it has been devastated and laid waste by some monstrous cataclysm, after it has been swept and ravaged by ruthless winds, and all its gentle features have been marred and distorted by stress and storm?

That is the only parallel I can think of to the impression this woman produced upon my mind at first sight. Later I came to pity her, to tolerate her presence without shrinking, to endeavor to cheer and comfort her even, but it took a mighty effort to conquer my natural reluctance to approach within the circumference of that depressing atmosphere which she exhaled. All the buoyancy of my young spirit shrank from the contagion of her misery.

She had been probably in youth somewhat above medium height, but her spare form had so yielded to the crushing weight of adversity that she was bowed and bent almost to deformity. One would have taken her for a dwarf at a casual glance. Her face still preserved traces of a once marvellous comeliness, and this very suggestion of former beauty, disfigured and despoiled as it was, made her countenance far more deeply than native ugliness would have done. Her features were as small and regular as those of a French doll; her eyes, originally blue, were now, through constant weeping, quite devoid of color. Her cheeks, of ghastly whiteness, had so long been the mere water-courses of her tears that they were ploughed with lines of sorrow and wrinkles of extreme age. All this was repellent enough, but the most repulsive feature of her personality was the strange incongruity that existed between her scarred and pallid countenance and the glorious mass of golden hair that rippled riotously back from her seamed brow. I have never in my life seen, in color or texture, the like of her hair. It was like a flood of sunshine falling upon a desolate, devastated landscape. There was not a grey thread in it. It had not faded in any degree, nor had it lost any of its rich abundance. On the head of a girl, accompanied by the bloom and freshness of youth, it would have aroused the admiration of the beholder. On the head of this faded, woe-stricken woman it jarred upon the sight. Its inharmonious quality upon one's sensibilities as might the introduction of a waltz motif into a funeral march.

She addressed me as I turned to confront her. I have unconsciously endowed her with a gentle, perhaps plaintive, intonation; instead of which there issued from her drawn lips a harsh, raucous whisper, which increased the repugnance with which she inspired me.

"This is Miss Lothrop?" she asked. I bowed.

"I am Mrs. Mayberry, Madam's housekeeper," she continued. "Madam tells me you are to become her companion."



"THIS IS MISS LOTHROP?" SHE ASKED. Again I bowed assent.

"You will not allow yourself to be discouraged or dissuaded by the dreariness of this place?"

"I think not."

As I uttered this commonplace phrase, imagine my surprise at seeing this curious creature fling herself upon her knees beside me, seize a fold of my gown in her thin, claw-like fingers, and lift a pleading, beseeching face to mine while she cried, in a very agony of entreaty:

"Ah! do not, do not! I have seen, this morning upon my mistress's face the first ray of brightness that has crossed it since—O God! since when—since when?"

She let go her clutch upon my skirt, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, sobbing like a whipped dog at "not face."

My duties proved to be thoroughly congenial and in no degree onerous. Madam fulfilled my most extravagant anticipations, and charmed and fascinated me by her many gifts and rare intellectual powers. The cultured mind might have found her a congenial companion; to a young, ardent, impressionable girl, such as I then was, she appeared almost divinely endowed and accomplished. She never, after that first mention of it, made allusion to her blindness, but I felt sure it must have been of recent date, for she had made no attempt to train her other senses to the assistance of this defect, as would naturally have been the case if the affliction had been of very long standing.

At the end of the first week she questioned me as to my willingness to remain, and the terror of my response, that matter for ever at rest between us. From day to day I could see that she grew dependent upon me, and this rendered me and increased my enthusiasm for my work. Work! It was scarcely that, the service which was required of me. It was employment, it is true, but the sort of employment which was dearest to my soul, and which was amusement as well as occupation to one of my tastes.

Old Franklin and Mayberry, grateful to me for the benefit which they derived from my presence, were not less eager to remain in contact with Madam of whom the housekeeper was never jealous, studied my comfort to a degree that led me to renege with them. Under their united efforts my rooms, always attractive and amply supplied, attained such luxurious equipment that I felt constrained to speak of it to Madam, fearing that should she ever discover the numerous additions my apartment was continually receiving she might think me guilty of soliciting them. However, I had scarcely opened the subject than she laid her hand lightly on my lips.

"My little Dorothy," she said, "on one matter Mayberry, Franklin and I are in perfect accord. We all agree in thinking that nothing in this great house can be put to better use than in helping to detain and attract the sunbeam that has strayed through the closed shutters of our lives. Let them have their way, my child. It is a great pleasure to these old people. Do not deprive them of it."

The retirement of our existence was well-nigh complete. Madam received absolutely no one, even the clergyman of Eldon parish having abandoned all attempts to penetrate within the walls of the secluded dwelling. Yet, although priestly counsel was not acceptable to her, Madam was not unmindful of the necessities and privations of the poor, and every month a generous check was despatched by me in her name to Mr. Booth, the rector, to be disbursed as he saw fit.

Before long I suggested an amendment to this custom, which, as she was constantly urging upon me the necessity of exercise in the open air, Madam gladly adopted. It was to the effect that, instead of continuing this method of general relief, she should allow me to become her almoner among the poor. It would give aim and object to my walks, and I felt that by its means I could bring outside interest into Madam's life.

I had been with Madam about three months when one day, in the middle of May, I rose in the morning with a tight iron band about my head. The weather for a week had been an almost incessant downpour, so wet that only an amphibious creature could have found it inviting. Madam and I had been deeply interested in a new German work which I had been reading aloud, and our application to the dazling text, or too close confinement to the house, or perhaps a combination of both causes, had resulted in this acute physical depression. Feeling a longing for fresh air, and believing that a brisk walk would be my best medicine, I obtained Madam's consent to postpone my usual morning duties until later in the day, and started out on an errand that would carry me well into the village, a distance of perhaps four miles.

Although I was a stranger to its people, for I had only recently begun to administer Madam's bounty among the poor, I was by this time fairly familiar with the little hamlet. I had called upon Mr. Booth to acquaint him personally with the change Madam proposed, making and had found him more than pleased to welcome an assistant in his parish work. He was an agreeable man, earnest, sincere, but extremely modest and reticent; a bachelor, living alone, with a maid-of-all-work to minister to his needs. Save the few poor people whom I visited, he was the sole acquaintance I had made in the place.

I had done my errand, not without some physical discomfort, for the living-room of the cottage in which I had been received was close from the fumes of tobacco and strong vegetables and over-heated by a fire burning in the range, and was returning through the village street, when I felt myself overcome by a distressing dizziness. It came upon me suddenly, but not before I had found strength enough to push open a little gate close by me, and stagger up the narrow path which led to the doorstep of a quaint little house which I had frequently noted in my walks.

I remember seeing a lady sewing in the window, but that was my last gleam of consciousness, until I found myself lying on a sofa in a cozy sun-room, having my brow bathed by a large, comfortable-looking woman, whose head was turned aside to address someone out of my range of vision. She did not observe the unprosperous of my eyes, and I hastily shut them again, being so weak and languid of spirit that I had no inclination to meet or respond to her inquiries.

"Think of it, my dear, you are doing missionary work if you are," she said, and then, gliding noiselessly out of sight, left me to meet Madam and conduct her down the wide staircase to the dairy morning room, in which it was her custom to breakfast.

As far as comfort and luxury were concerned, life at The Ivies was ideal. The staff of domestics was highly trained, but fully adequate in number. It consisted of the housekeeper and butler whom I have named, an old general out-door servant, who slept in a room in the stable, and attended to the grounds and to the pair of old coach horses that alone, composed Madam's stud, and a cook and housemaid, middle-aged women, pieces of Franklin, who had occupied the same positions since they were girls. Mayberry also served as Madam's maid, and I soon discovered that she was exceedingly



I THINK SHE IS MRS. ELDERIDGE'S COMPANION.

her way through life; and, too, she has more beauty than it is altogether safe for a working woman to be adorned with. Look, David, what richness and abundance!"

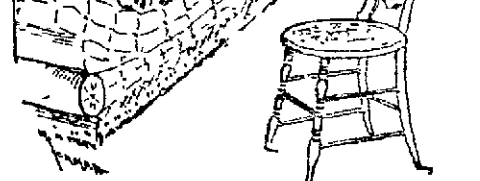
She laid her hand upon my hair, from which she had drawn the pins that the strain upon my head might be relieved. Its masses overflowed the couch and fell upon the floor. I felt that I had no right to lie there and listen to further flattery, and, suddenly opening my eyes, met her solicitous gaze.

"Ah, that is right, my dear," she said kindly. "You are better; David, she has come to herself."

Dr. Spencer came forward. "Do try to exert yourself quite early," he said, as I made a motion as if to arise. "Please rest as you are until my mother shall have prepared a cup of tea for you. You will be all right then, I think."

I was more than willing to follow his advice, and with a little nod of acquiescence again closed my eyes. My hostess bustled away, and silence took possession of the room. Presently curiosity got the better of my assistance, and I opened my eyes again to discover what my companion might be doing. He was standing at the window with his hands in his pockets, looking out into the street with an expression upon his face which assured me that he had forgotten there was such a person in existence as Dorothy Lothrop, and that his thoughts were far distant from the present scene.

He was a tall man, broad-shouldered and vigorous of frame, with a strong, intelligent face, blue eyes and fair hair. I could not tell his age very exactly, for there was a look of mature gravity and wide experience about the eyes and mouth at variance with the rest of his appearance. He might have been anywhere between thirty-five and forty. I had been prepossessed in his favor from the moment he addressed me on my arrival at the Eldon station, and this second good turn he had done me quite won my heart. It occurred to me that I owed him an acknowledgment of his former kindness and act of self-sacrifice, and I seized the present occasion to make it. "Perhaps I was al-



"DR. SPENCER"—I BEGAN.

so unready to break the silence by a less commendable motive, for I do not believe that any woman likes to have her presence in a room ignored by a man, even if she be in a dring condition.

"Dr. Spencer," I began.

He turned at once with a start. It was proof that he had forgotten me.

"I am much better. I want to thank you now, while I have the opportunity, for your great consideration in giving up your carriage to me the night I arrived at Eldon."

His expression of surprise, as he scrutinized me closely, was most disconcerting to my vanity. It was more than apparent that he had not recognized me. And yet his mother had remarked upon my beauty!

"Oh!" he returned, coming forward, "were you the lady who was stranded that night on our inhospitable shore? Pardon me; I had thought it an older woman."

CHAPTER IV. My mirror had told me that I had grown younger since coming to Eldon. The hollows in my cheeks had rounded out, I could no longer say that I was too white for beauty, and the anxious and harassed expression which the unsatisfactory and unsettled conditions of my life prior to my departure from New York had given on my features had wholly given place to the serene serenity and animation of my age. I was somewhat mollified by his explanation, feeling it flattering to my present appearance. I smiled.

wholly unknown to us, my dear young lady. My son has heard you gratefully spoken of by many of his poor patients. Besides which, Mr. Booth has mentioned you to us. I hope your interest in charitable work is not proving too great a tax upon your strength.

"Not at all," I replied with decision. "This lack is merely the result of confinement. It is a great pleasure to do some good in the world, even if it be only to administer another's bounty."

She looked at me approvingly, and the doctor even turned a kindly glance upon me.

"But you have an excellent home mission," Mrs. Spencer remarked, not without emotion. "Even without venturing beyond the doors of The Ivies you have ample opportunity for good work in ministering to the broken and bruised spirit of that noble woman who is its mistress. I do not know whether you are acquainted with the sad circumstances of—"

"Mother!" I welcomed the warning exclamation that served as an interruption, and divined that my hostess was one of those shallow, garrulous, kindly souls that dearly love a bit of gossip, and the expression of the son's face assured me that this weakness of his mother's was intolerable to him. I had no wish to hear from strange lips details which dear Madam had chosen to withhold from me. To listen to the sad story which wrecked her life, without her permission, seemed to me a reasonable intrusion upon sacred ground.

Mrs. Spencer's round, rosy face flushed a deep crimson.

"Oh, David, my dear, pardon me; I quite forgot," she said hurriedly, and for more embarrassment, it seemed to me, than the occasion warranted.

Both mother and son were so evidently discomfited by her unwarranted allusion that it appeared wisdom on my part to create a diversion by rising to depart. This action restored the atmosphere to its normal serenity, and drew forth strong expressions of remonstrance from my hosts. Neither considered me fit for the long walk back, and Dr. Spencer urged that I should allow him to drive me home in his dog-cart.

I thanked him cordially, but declined his offer, saying that I feared the advent of a stranger might disturb Mrs. Eldridge, who often took her exercise on the wide veranda at this hour. But Mrs. Spencer insisted.

"You are not fit to walk; is she, David? Physician's orders, you know, my dear! Do let my son drive you. He is no stranger to madam. Why—"

Again the warning "Mother!" checked the voluble utterance. She broke abruptly off again and turned aside to hide her confusion. Then the doctor spoke.

"You are quite right, Miss Lothrop," he said, "in thinking that my presence might distress Mrs. Eldridge, but I am equally reasonable in asserting that you are in no fit condition to walk home. Let us compromise. If you will permit me to drive you to the gates of The Ivies I will allow you to walk thence to the house. Is it a bargain?"

I was glad to fall in with this proposition, and while Dr. Spencer was gone for the trap I had a nice little chat with his mother. I had much ado,



"MOTHER!"

however, to fend her off the forbidden subject, for, without making direct allusion to it, she persisted in fluttering so dangerously near it that I was in a state of much alarm lest should she absolutely obligate to cover my ears with my hands in order to avoid gleaming unwelcome information. As it was, she gave me to understand by veiled hints and innuendoes that the events which had desolated The Ivies had also laid waste her son's life.

"It is a dreadful blow to me that David should throw himself away upon a poor, miserable little village like this. The loss of a son is to a woman what the loss of vanity is to a woman; it simply lets him run to seed. And a man of David's splendid attainments, too! Ah, my dear, we mothers do not lose the burden of our children's being when we are delivered of them; we carry them with us to the grave."

The good soul followed me out to the dog-cart and tucked the rug round me with motherly solicitude, and I finally drove away from her comfortable neighborhood with her warm entreaties for future visits ringing in my ears.

The drive home was pleasant. I found the doctor an agreeable and interesting companion, and I gathered from him much information of an impersonal character of Eldon and its surroundings. He left me at the gate with as cordial an expression of anticipation of our future meeting as that his mother had refused to her farewells, and I made my way up the long avenue reflecting pleasantly upon this new and general element which had come so unexpectedly into my life.

I had covered about half the distance between house and gateway when, to my unbounded amazement, I came upon Madam, who, and ventured out quite alone, and who was standing absorbed in thought, leaning against the rustic fence which guarded the steep descent of the cliff. I could not see her face, for it was turned in the direction of the stone house, at which she was intently gazing.

I purposely made my approach audible, that my sudden appearance should not startle her, but she took no heed of me until I had a light touch upon her shoulder, at the same time greeting her by name. Then, drawing a long, long breath, as if she were im-

journey into the Past, she looked round and welcomed me with a smile.



I PURPOSELY MADE MY APPROACH AUDIBLE.

"Dorothy?"

"Yes, Madam."

"I have missed you, child. The sundial marks no hours while Dorothy is absent."

I raised her hand to my lips.

"Is not this too long a stroll for you without companionship, dear Madam?"

"I have brought a trusty staff with me, you see." She held up a stout, gold-headed ebony cane, of which she frequently made use. "Besides, though he does not dream I suspect it, I have a shrewd idea that my good Franklin exercises a vigilant watch upon my movements from the veranda."

And sure enough looking round, I espied the old man dodging among the poplars as he made a surreptitious way back to the house safe in the thought that I was with his mistress.

"May I wait for you, Madam?"

"Certainly, though I am about returning."

She paused an instant, and a wistful shadow crossed her beautiful face. After a moment she resumed her speech.

"Dorothy," she said, "this is an anniversary. Forty years ago to-day I came, a happy, joyous bride, to that house yonder." Again she turned her poor blind eyes upon the melancholy pile of masonry. "My child, it is an unlucky house, a house of sad disaster and misfortune to all whom it has sheltered; but, ah! I would like to see it again. I would give much to look once more upon the walls within which I spent so many happy hours."

I was well aware that she lived, when alone, almost wholly within the memories of past events, and I felt it distinctly gratifying that she should give evidence of being so much at one with me as to address me in tones of retrospection.

I said no word to disturb the current of her thoughts, but softly withdrew the ebony staff from her grasp, and slipped the hand which held it within my strong young arm. We waited thus in silence a little, and presently she went on:

"Dorothy, I must see it; I must!" she cried, and there was a deep, uncontrollable yearning in her voice. "Look at it, child; look closely at it, until it seems as familiar to you as the face of a friend. Then describe it to me; but describe it faithfully, for its image is graven on my heart, and I shall know if your observation is at fault."

I halted a few minutes, earnestly scrutinizing the prospect before me, for I was anxious to fulfil her request to the very best of my ability, and I was afraid lest she should detect carelessness or slovenliness in my description.

"I began at length, 'a gloomy, grey mass of rubble-stone, rising cold and grim against a background of dark woods. It forms a house of unattractive and even forbidding exterior. This house is three-storied, with a balcony across its front, enclosed and supported by heavy wrought-iron brackets and balustrade. The windows are without blinds, and white inside shutters enhance the unattractiveness of their appearance. There are two doors of entrance, that upon the ground-floor opening upon a neglected, grass-grown drive'—here I felt Madam shiver as if with cold—and appearing to have been of but secondary importance to the architect of the dwelling, for a larger and more imposing doorway exists in the next story, access to which is gained by means of a flight of broken and moss-stained stone steps. The house is square and of uncompromising regularity of outline, and seems to be built against a cliff or ledge of rocks."

I felt a sudden movement of eagerness from my companion, and Madam interrupted me abruptly.

"Yes, yes, it is so. I know it well, that ledge. It forms the back of the lower half of the house, and its surface is covered with a rude platform, which communicates with the house by means of a door opening upon the landing of the inner staircase. Ah, the dear old platform! How many happy hours have I spent there! Ah, dear old house that has widowed me! Ah, dear, hallowed ground that still echoes with the tread of the feet which you betrayed! God knows you have done me bitter harm and injury, but oh!—I love you still!—I love you still!"

I had never seen her moved from her stern self-control before, and I knew not how to meet her dearest upon my sympathy. But I took refuge in silence. That, at least, does not jar, even if it fails to comfort.

Finally she made a movement as if to leave the spot, but turned before departing, with another request.

"Dorothy, I should like once more to stand upon that platform. Could we make a pilgrimage there together some day, do you think? Just you and I?"

"Indeed, yes, dear Madam," I replied, without an instant's hesitation. I think, if she had proposed our taking a trip to Jericho in a flying machine, I should have acquiesced in the idea. I was so eager to encourage her confidence in me.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

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Personally Conducted Under escort of Tourist Agent as Chaperson

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Visiting Gettysburg, Luray, Virginia, Hot Springs, Natural Bridge, Richmond and Washington.

Leaves Boston October 18

Special Train of Parlor Cars From New York

RATE: Boston, \$75.00; New York, \$65.00

Gettysburg, Luray and Washington.

Eight-Day Tour, Oct. 31. Going via Fall River Line, returning via rail lines.

RATE, \$36.00.

WASHINGTON.

December 26, 1908, January 2, Feb. 6 and March 13 and 27, April 3, 10 and 24, 1909

Seven Days. RATE, \$23.00.

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J. R. WOOD, GEO. W. BOYD, Gen. Pass. Agt. Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.



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If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by us. None genuine without our signature on both labels. For consumption, Indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants, OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.

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Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

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Quickly Arranged Ladies' Patterns.

Ladies' garments, Ladies' Paris and America styles custom made.

James Haugh,

FOR PORTSMOUTH

AND

PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

TUESDAY, JAN. 24, 1899.

The whirligig of time stopped at Senator Davis' door and left a few revenges.

This chairmanship of the reception committee is at least one office that is seeking the man.

Now they talk of a court martial for General Miles. Wouldn't do any harm to scare him a little.

There are sundry points of resemblance between our war inquiry and the French court of cassation.

John L. Sullivan, the "dead one," is authority for the information that Messrs. Fitzsimmons and Sharkey will meet in fistio array.

The new senator from North Dakota is said to be worth \$100,000. That is, he was rated that figure before he went after the senatorship.

How about the consent of the Gnom governed? And how about the sea birds that roost on Wake island? Shall not their wishes be taken into consideration?

PENSION CHANGES.

Names of New England Men and Women Added to the Roll.

Washington, Jan. 23.—The following pension changes are announced under issue of Jan. 11:

Maine—Additional, Benjamin F. Griffin, Vienna, \$8 to \$12; Increase, Ambrose W. Severance, Stillwater, \$8 to \$8; Daniel E. Woodman, Norridgewock, \$14 to \$20; Original, widows, etc., Anna Hagan, Portland, \$8; Annie A. Hamlin, Milo, \$8; Laura A. Sargent, Bridgewater, \$8.

New Hampshire—Original, Michael Quinn, Salford home, Belknap, \$12; Additional, Alfred Woodman, Plainfield, \$8 to \$10; Original, widows, etc., Olive A. Hunt, Suncook, \$8.

Vermont—Original, widows, etc., Harriet A. Crowley, Albany, \$12.

Massachusetts—Andrew G. King, Boston, \$6; Edwin F. Hall, Haverhill, \$6; Joseph H. McIntire, Thorndike, \$8; Edward Pease, Huntington, \$6; Joseph B. Knox, Worcester, \$8; Michael O'Halloran, Walworth, \$6; Additional, Oliver J. Damon, Chesterfield, \$8 to \$10; Martin D. Kimball, Westboro, \$4 to \$8; Daniel W. Spickett, Georgetown, \$8 to \$12; Increase, George E. Jones, South Brainerd, \$10 to \$12; Reissue and increase, Robert Bower, Lawrence, \$6 to \$8.

Rhode Island—Original, Orin Vroman (dead), Providence, \$12; Thomas Minchm, Pawtucket, \$12; Increase, Lewis A. Tucker, Providence, \$8 to \$12.

Connecticut—Increase, Ransom C. Russell, New Haven, \$10 to \$12; Original, widows, etc., Emogene F. Stone, Waterbury, \$8.

VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

Sycamore, Ill., Jan. 23.—General Frederick W. Partridge died yesterday, aged 75 years. General Partridge was in both the Mexican and civil wars. He was sent on a recent mission by President James K. Polk to Mexico, where he was captured as a spy and imprisoned in San Juan d'Ulloa. In the civil war he was commissioned captain of company E, Thirtieth Illinois, by Governor Yates, and was rapidly promoted for bravery. At the battle of Missionary Ridge his valor was such that he was promoted Brigadier General. In 1859 he was appointed by President U. S. Grant consul general to Bangkok, Siam, where he served eight years.

ENGINEER McDONALD KILLED.

Boston, Jan. 23.—Engineer Martin McDonald of the Boston fire department was killed while on the way to a fire this forenoon by being thrown from his engine and falling under the wheels of a heavily loaded coal truck. Engine 13, with which McDonald was connected, was responding to an alarm from box 218, at the corner of Palmer and Washington streets. McDonald stood on the fireboard behind and as the engine moved, in crossing the street, he was thrown off and run over before the driver of the coal truck could stop his horses.

VOTE IN DELAWARE.

Dover, Del., Jan. 23.—The joint ballot for United States senator today resulted as follows: George Gray (D.), 14; J. Edward Atchison (R.), 15; Henry A. Dupont (R.), 10; Francis G. Dupont (R.), 1; William B. Miles (R.), 1; J. Handy (D.), 2; John H. Reedy (D.), 3; absent, 4; total vote, 66; necessary to elect, 34. No election.

BY TELEGRAPH.

WRANGLING OVER NAVAL PROMOTIONS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—The executive session of the senate today was devoted wholly to the discussion of the promotions of Admirals Sampson and Schley and other officers prominent in the Santiago campaign over the heads of their superior officers. The controversy has been postponed for twenty days, after a vote had been passed to call for the records of the navy department bearing on the standing of all officers mentioned for advancement. Senators Gorman and Wellington of Maryland made a fierce attack upon the navy department for forcing Sampson over Schley. A number of other senators attacked the whole system of promotions. The method of the administration was defended by Messrs. Hale, Chandler and Lodge. Senator Chandler said that he deprecated the opening of the controversy which might lead to a condition which would prove as unfavorable as that of the war investigation had developed in regard to army beef. Those who upheld the promotion of Sampson in preference to Schley warned the friends of the latter if they insisted upon a pressing the investigation too closely some facts would be developed that would not be agreeable to them. The charge against Schley was that he voluntarily left Santiago while Cervera was in the harbor and that he turned the Brooklyn away from the Spanish squadron when it came out of the harbor. Friends of Schley declared they had nothing to fear. In the debate it was developed that Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts had already been promoted to Schley's place as commodore.

A DELUGE OF BILLS.

CONCORD, N. H., Jan. 23.—The time for giving notice of bills in the New Hampshire legislature expired tonight. Notices have been given in the house of 132 bills and joint resolutions. This makes a total of 415. Last year's record was 402. Included among the measures were bills for the appointment of a New Hampshire commission to the Paris exposition; to establish a court of appeals; to purchase the birthplace of Daniel Webster at Franklin; to regulate the width of wagon tires; licensing of bicycles and abolishing the office of insurance commissioner.

EXPIRES TODAY.

MADRID, Jan. 23.—A Paris despatch from Manila says the time in which the insurgents have allowed the Americans to recognize their independence expires tomorrow. Hostilities are expected to reopen. Aguinaldo has requested the vatican to send a commission to negotiate for the release of the clerical prisoners.

SAMOA NEWS COMES BY FREIGHT.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—Inquiries made at the state department show that no further advices can be expected from Samoa until the latter part of the week.

TO BE THOROUGHLY REPAIRED.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—The U. S. S. Cincinnati arrived at Tompkinsville today. She will be completely overhauled at the Brooklyn navy yard.

STORY OF A SLAVE.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Balm, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, head-ache, back-ache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle-working medicine is a godsend to the weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Globe Grocery Co., Druggist.

WASHINGTON TOURS, \$28.

Including side trip to Mount Vernon and Alexandria, under the personally conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Boston January 23, February 6 and 27, March 13 and 27, April 2, 10 and 24. Seven days, \$28. Side trip to Old Point Comfort, itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day

"Myrtle Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Hold by Geo. Hill Druggist Portsmouth.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascara Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. C. C. C. fail to cure, druggist's refund money.

WEAKNESS AND WEARINESS.

The Grip Left Me So Lame I Could Hardly Walk.

I Suffered With Pain and a Feeling of Fatigue and Weariness.

Dr. Greene's Nervura Has Completely Cured Me of Everything.

Mr. Geo. A. Clark, Manchester, N. H., says:

"Some two years ago I was attacked with the grip and last spring I was so lame that I could not get up the hill from my boarding house without taking hold of the fence. I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and have taken five bottles. The bad lameness and pain

in my legs resulting from the grip have entirely disappeared. Besides, I have suffered from a feeling of fatigue and weariness and Dr. Greene's Nervura has caused that also to go away. I would recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura. If I am ever afflicted again I shall certainly take this medicine."

Dr. Greene's Nervura will make you well. Try it. You can at any time consult without charge with Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., whose vast experience and great success in curing diseases makes a cure certain in your case. You can call or write to the Doctor.

NO INVESTIGATION NEEDED.

Louisville, Jan. 23.—It is probable that no inquest will be held to determine what caused the death of Tom Lansing the pugilist, who was knocked out a few weeks ago by John Root of Chicago. Chief of Police Haeger advances a novel reason for non-action. "I have no proof that Lansing's death was caused by a blow," said he, "and besides, what would be the use? Lansing was a fighter. That was his business. He was hurt while working at his trade. Many similar cases have been tried, and all those who were accused were acquitted. I don't think any action is necessary."

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

Boston, Jan. 23.—James A. Gifford of New Bedford was found dead in bed at the Castle Square hotel this morning. Mr. Gifford registered at the hotel last night. Medical Examiner Draper will hold an autopsy this afternoon to ascertain the cause of death.

GENERAL SEXTON BETTER.

Washington, Jan. 23.—The condition of General Sexton, who is at Garfield hospital, is reported today as somewhat improved, though no decided change has taken place. He rested fairly well last night.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Leading Quotations in New York and Boston Markets.

Boston, Jan. 23.—In the outside market call money is quoted at 4 1/2 per cent and time money is nominally 6 per cent.

Atchafalpa, Topeka and Santa Fe..... 20 1/2

Bell Telephone..... 31 1/2

Boston and Maine..... 17 1/2

Calumet..... 70 1/2

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy..... 125 1/2

Erie..... 90

General Electric..... 107

Pullman..... 157

Sugar..... 11

West End..... 9 1/2

New York Stocks

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western..... 158 1/2

Louisville and Nashville..... 67 1/2

Manhattan..... 115 1/2

Missouri Pacific..... 47 1/2

Northern Pacific..... 80 1/2

Northwestern..... 13 1/2

New York Central..... 134 1/2

Rock Island..... 129 1/2

St. Paul..... 128 1/2

Sugar Common..... 13 1/2

Tulsa..... 148 1/2

Union Pacific..... 44 1/2

Western Union..... 97 1/2

California's Points of Interest

A special "Maritime-Gras Tour" to California under the Personally-Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave on February 8, 1899. The entire trip will be by special train of Pullman vestibule sleeping, dining, compartment, and observation cars. The cars to be used were on exhibition at the World's Fair, Atlanta, Nashville, and Omaha Expositions, and will be placed in service for the first time. Among the principal points of interest visited will be Mammoth Cave, New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Redlands, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Glenwood and Colorado Springs, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods, Denver and Chicago. Rate, including all necessary expenses during the thirty-seven days' tour, \$40.00 from Boston. Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington street, Boston.

Life Insurance is a Great Thing but

health insurance, by keeping the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, is still better.

OVER THE COFFEE.

The czar cries, "Let's have peace!" (And he makes another gun.)

"I let's send our soldiers home!" (And another cruiser's done.)

"Let's have good will on earth and good will to the birds!" (Then he starts another fleet—)

Gives his dogs of war more meat—

I jumps on the japs, and plugs the gaps

Along his battle line)

"We've had enough of war—"

It costs too much," he cries.

(And then he orders built

Gunboats of greater size)

O the czar may prate of peace

From breakfast time till night,

But his regiments are still

Taking aim from every hill—

His guns are jammed

And packed and crammed

With deadly dynamite!

The society event of this week will be the Simpson-Dickey nuptials at St. John's church on Wednesday. The theatrical filling will be given by George Dixon's company at Music hall on Thursday evening. The entertainment by the Cycle club minstrels at Philbrick hall on Friday evening will prove a strong magnet for the local public. The club boys have rehearsed idly and will certainly give a splendid show. The setting for the first part will be an electrical novelty of great brilliancy.

Bill Londers tells me that he read that poem, "We Two," in a Boston paper 4 years ago and expresses surprise because it dared put it at the head of this column yesterday morning. This makes me smile. I have always thought that a fellow had the right to do as he pleased with his own verses. I wrote that poem last winter and it appeared in the Boston Transcript. Then it was copied by several New England papers and finally, on Saturday, I ran across it in the plate matter of a country weekly. Wanting something to fill space and being too lazy to write it, I used my own property which had shown up like a long lost child.

The platform upon which Bryan was speaking out in Denver recently broke down. Was it an omen?

Mr. Dunne of Chicago confesses that he got his inspiration for the "Dooley" papers from a droll saloon-keeper, one McGarry. It's mighty good humor, just the same.

A copy of the Penny Magazine, the cheapest in the world, has on my desk. It is owned by Chauncey Depew and sells at twenty-cents per year. The letter press is well-nigh perfect and the contents are of an interesting variety.

Secretary Long wore a business suit to the funeral of Congressman Dingley and it has occasioned much public comment. Why should it? Just because a man togs himself out in a dress suit, (which he has perhaps hired, borrowed or stolen for the occasion), does it prove that he carries more respect or sympathy to the obsequies than the fellow who doesn't bother about such trivialities? If Secretary Long's "business suit" were clean and his collar and cuffs were white, he was in proper condition to attend a funeral or any other affair. Some of this silly etiquette formality ought to be sponged off the state.

As we hear the cheery whistle of the chestnut roaster on the street and catch a whiff of the hot delectables, how many of us know that we are only following the example of the people of Java, who have munched the sweet warm nuts for centuries? Or do we ever think how important a food product chestnuts are in Southern Europe, where they are made into a sort of bread that is a great dependence of the poor?

The Rev. Mr. Bradford, who was noted during his pastorate in Auburn for his energetic endeavors to wipe out the vices at Lake Massabesic, is now stationed at Hampton; but he still raps the Manchester summer resort. In the course of his sermon at Trinity Methodist church in this city the other evening he said that he could take the congregation to a place in this state where twenty thousand people often gather in the summer and give all sorts of sin loose rein. True, true, Mr. Bradford, Massabesic is a pretty warm local ity on Saturday nights and holidays, from May to October. Even the frank-forts in the lunch carts have too much mustard.

The Rev. Bradford is a fighter of sin all the time. I don't believe he ever took a vacation. I used to meet him frequently in Manchester and he impressed me as thoroughly sincere in his convictions. The Hampton folks would better walk straight.

To what are we coming? Where is our common sense going? Now the depth of a woman's sorrow for the death of a relative or friend is judged by the width of the hem on her crepe veil. Four inches is supposed to indicate a broken heart. Have the women of this country lost their reason? They

threw bouquets and waved handkerchiefs to the Spanish "Dagras" when they came here as prisoners—men who were thirsting for the blood of the husbands and lovers of these same women.

That was bad enough, but they still further made fools of themselves out west by "sponging" over Hobson.

They went a notch lower in the scale by smacking Shafter, and now they cap the whole absurd record by turning the sacred and solemn subject of mourning into a matter of fashion and show.

O woman, woman, verily thy ways are passed understanding! How the gods of high Olympus would have frowned upon any such acts of nonsense by the graceful Roman and Grecian women!

Fogg.

DIED OF HEART FAILURE.

Gardiner, Me., Jan. 23.—Captain Arthur Berry died last night of heart failure. He was born in Gardiner in 1829, and was one of the pioneers in the lumber and ice business. He had been a representative in the legislature and also served in both branches of the city government. A widow, two sons and two daughters survive him.

Advice to Consumptives

There are three great remedies that every person with weak lungs, or with consumption itself, should understand.

These remedies will cure about every case in its first stages; and many of those more advanced. It is only the most advanced that are hopeless. Even these are wonderfully relieved and life itself greatly prolonged.

What are these remedies?

Fresh air, proper food and

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. Be afraid of draughts but not of fresh air.

Eat nutritious food and drink plenty of milk. Do not forget that Scott's Emulsion is the oldest, the most thoroughly tested and the highest endorsed of all remedies for weak throats, weak lungs and consumption in all its stages.

See and try it; all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Whether a room is papered with some severe, ugly pattern, or a design picked from the hundreds in our store.

A paper can be selected here, at any price, that will beautify the roughest looking walls. The patterns are artistic, the colors delightfully harmonious, and the quality all that could be desired.

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Cleaning, Repairing, Turning and Fitting.

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With increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order each lot in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be interested to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turning and grading of them, also to the mowing of grass and the removal of weeds and rubbish, and the removal of stones. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will, this season, do turning and grading in the city at short notice.

Orders for lots for sale, also Loom and Turf, may be left at his residence, No. 13 Elm street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham, care of Mr. E. S. Fletcher, 65 Market Street, or at the office of the subscriber.

M. J. SMITH

Classified Advertisements

Small advertisements in this column 10 cents per line.

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Work as Wages. For Sale and To Let 50 cents per week 20 cents per insertion.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R. I. P. N. S. will not touch. Send 5 cents to Niagara Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

TOLLY—Furnished room with steam heat at 24 Fleet street.

Plans for sale. High grade upright piano. Good music to be sold. As cheap as 10 cents. 23, Dover, N. H.

Send 10 cents to us and we will send you a box of our Dan-draft and Soap Care. F. McKim, N. H.

For SALE—Ten R. I. P. N. S. for 5 cents at drugists. One gives relief.

CHRISTIAN man wanted, not employed. Accompanied with church people; \$10 per week. Write Standard Manufacturing Co., 11 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

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MADAM OF THE IVIES.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE

with Madam's relations to life outside her own home, I had gained; that was the fact of the presence somewhere in the world of a son who had exulted himself for some cause unknown to me. She had herself mentioned him to me, else I should have known nothing of him, for her servants were too faithful to their allegiance to her to gossip even to slightly of things that concerned their mistress. She had alluded to letters received from him, and so I knew that a correspondence was maintained between them, but I was not called upon either to read or to answer these communications. I supposed, as I afterwards learnt was the case, that Mrs. Mayberry served her at such times.

One day, however, as we were sitting at twilight in her boudoir, the month being February, and the brilliant flames on the hearth all the illumination we required, she said to me:

"Dorothy, I am afraid I must lay a new duty upon you."

"Even then my burden of employment will be a light one, Madam," I answered.

"Poor Mayberry's handwriting is getting so tremulous that it is becoming almost undecipherable. It is a serious misfortune to me, for, clever as annuists are you are, my dear, you cannot be of such special service to me as my poor old housekeeper has been."

"Indeed, Madam, are you sure?" I asked, somewhat chagrined at the idea that that poor wreck of a woman could do better duty than I.

"Yes, sure," she replied. "I will tell you why. She has acquired a very faithful intuition of my own handwriting. In older times, when she went to try to fashion herself by such a poor model as I. She was a clever girl, and you would be surprised to know how accurately she copied me in many respects. I have spoken to you of my son Darroctt. He lives abroad, traveling from place to place, for he is a restless man and ill content with monotony. She paused, and sat awhile with her unseeing gaze bent upon the glowing fire, while I occupied myself with reflections upon the selfishness of a son who could allow a blind mother to drag out so desolate and lonely an existence as this of Madam's because, forthwith, monotony wearied him. Youth is apt to leap at hasty conclusions.

"Mayberry has been my means of communicating with him," she went on presently. "She has read his letters to me, and answered them in the first person for me. Because, my dear, my son is not aware of the affliction which has befallen me, and it has been the aim of my wishes to keep it from him."

I cried aloud at this. I could not help it.

"Oh, Madam!" I said, "it is not right; it is not fair to him."

"Little girl," she replied, "you speak with the impulsiveness of your age and ignorance. Not fair! Is there question of fairness in adding fresh fuel to the heap which consumes a martyr? Darroctt should never have been informed of this ill fortune which has afflicted me if I could have prevented it; but, alas! he complains that he can no longer decipher my handwriting, which is in fact Mayberry's and argues some condition of ill health from this evidence of infirmity. He has questioned me so closely that I find it impossible to longer evade him, and I am therefore obliged, most unwillingly, to disclose the truth to him. So, little Dorothy, you must hereafter be the link that joins my absent boy to his mother."

And so it was that I began to write long letters to Darroctt Chester, for I found that it was by a previous marriage that this son had been born to Madam. I shall never forget the first letter I wrote him. It informed him of his mother's affliction, but so lightly was the subject treated that it might have been to do with a mere passing indisposition, rather than with a dire bereavement which seems, of all physical calamities, the worst. The casual manner in which she alluded to the matter, and the effect to appear careless and indifferent concerning it, gave to the letter a tone of self-effacement and self-abnegation that brought tears to my eyes as I penned it.

"If he has the heart of a man and not a stone in his breast," I said to myself as I sealed it, "he will come home to her, whether he dreads monotony or not."

And, indeed, the return mail brought to Madam a letter filled with reproach. It was rather a strange letter, I thought, for while it was all that was dutiful and was marked with sincere distress and sorrow for her affliction, it lacked totally in tenderness and filial love. But it fulfilled my expectations in one respect. Its writer was about to return to Eldon.

This prospect, when Madam disclosed it to her household, created the wildest excitement. The effect it produced upon the most prominent trio was widely different. Franklin was jubilant at the thought of Mr. Chester's return; Mayberry, absurd and unwise as she was, the idea was, without doubt, paralyzed and shocked by the intelligence; while Madam herself, clearly as I believed she loved him, did not seem wholly happy in the idea of her son's home-coming.

Uninstructed as I was in knowledge of the events which influenced these various sentiments, I made no attempt to fathom their cause, and contented myself with girlish and romantic speculations concerning the new inmate which The Ivies would soon receive.

It would be nearly a month before Mr. Chester would arrive, he wrote, and during that month I found occasion to heartily welcome the fact that a man of strength and intelligence would soon be installed beneath our roof. Fearing that month strange things occurred, which filled me with fear and foreboding, and which yet seemed so wild and improbable that I could not bring myself to mention them even to my good friends the Spencers.

For my good friends the Spencers had certainly become. Madam always spoke of them in the warmest terms, and cordially encouraged my intimacy with them. I never had cared for a large circle of acquaintances, but it was exceedingly pleasant to me to be able to vary what was assuredly a monotonous existence with visits to

such a congenial house as theirs. There was but one drawback to my friendship. David Spencer loved me, and had told me so. I had been obliged to refuse his love, and although he had begged me to allow his offer to make no difference in our mutual relations, and I had promised that it should be so yet it was but natural that I should feel somewhat constrained in the presence of a man whom I had rejected.

I had thought it only honorable towards Madam that I should acquaint her with the matter. I was surprised by the manner in which she received my confidence.

"Is it actually impossible for you to love this good fellow, my dear?" she asked, with great earnestness.

"Impossible indeed," I replied.

She sighed deeply.

"I wish it might have been different," she said, as if communing with herself. "It would have seemed like atonement." Then the subject dropped between us.

I have made allusion to the fact that about this time strange and suspicious circumstances began to arouse my curiosity and alarm. The first of these occurred one evening, or rather one late afternoon, as I was returning from a charitable expedition to the village.

My nature is quite a fearless one. I am without the natural feminine reluctance to going about after dark unprotected, nor am I unduly disturbed by strange happenings. But, on the other hand, I have more than the average curiosity of my sex although, being aware of this weakness, I have made myself mistress of it, and where I feel it to be unwise and indiscreet I am able to place a strong curb upon it. But on ordinary occasions it rises to the surface, and quite transcends any impediment of fear or timidity which might hamper its gratification.

I was strolling up the avenue, then, some time after dusk had fallen, when, at about the spot where I had found Madam standing many months ago, I came to an abrupt halt. I had chanced to look down at the Stone House standing amidst its shadows, and I could have sworn that I saw a figure fit by one of its windows. I approached the edge of the cliff and scanned the house closely. There was certainly a shutter open, for a dark space intervened between the outlines of a case-ment where, as in the other windows, should have been gleaming whiteness. This in itself was strange, for never in all the time I had been at The Ivies had I seen any sign of occupancy or caretaking about the place. Indeed, I had sometimes wondered that Madam did not have it aired occasionally.

Still, unusual as this evidence of life in the great mansion was, it did not seem to me then suspicious. I thought that perhaps during my absence Madam had availed herself of the aid of either Mayberry or Franklin to carry out the intention to revisit the scene of her former happiness, and my chief sensation as I continued my homeward way was one of regret and disappointment that I had not been with her on that occasion.

But as I reached the door of The Ivies Franklin opened it with an expression of annoyance on his face.

"Have you happened to see Mrs. Mayberry, Miss Lothrop?" he asked fretfully. "Here is Madam wanting her, and she is not to be found about the house."

"No, I have not met her," I answered. Then I remembered what I had just seen. "Do you think she could be down at the Stone House, Franklin?" I suggested.

The old man looked at me in amazement as profound as if I had said:

"Do you think she could be at the bottom of the sea?" He did not even reply to my question. Contenting himself with ejaculating: "The Stone House!" he continued, "then you have seen nothing of her, miss?" and as I replied in the negative, he stood aside to let me pass, suggesting at the same time that I should go to Madam and see if I could render the assistance she needed.

CHAPTER V.

Early the next morning I made a special expedition down the avenue to discover if the shutter still remained open, but found that such was not the case.

Two days later, as I was about starting out for my usual exercise, I met Mayberry hovering about the lower hall. As she observed me she came forward and said, as if in a casual way:

"Miss Lothrop, will you permit me to caution you a little? This neighborhood is an isolated one. I do not think it quite wise or safe for a young girl to be out alone hereabouts after dark."

There was a look of anxiety on her face, a forced attempt at carelessness about her manner, that made me suspect the genuineness of her concern for me.

"Madam has always seemed to consider it safe enough," I returned. "Is there any special reason for alarm?"

She hastened to reassure me upon this point, and I was about to assert my determination to continue my late wanderings unmindful of her warning, thanking her nevertheless for her solicitude, when I was struck by the thought that if there were any underground proceedings in progress in which she had share it would be as well to throw her off her guard as far as I was concerned.

"Perhaps you are right," I said. "After all, there is never any telling what sort of persons may be prowling about a lonely neighborhood. I will return before dark. Thank you, Mrs. Mayberry."

I had evidently relieved her mind, for she smiled and proceeded to open the door for me with all the obsequiousness that a humble servant would show to a feared and deeply-respected mistress. She had certain ways and mannerisms that I detested, a cringing, servile deportment being that which most revolted me.

I fulfilled my promise to her and came back before twilight fell. I took pains also to let her know of my return, but, almost immediately after, I again stole out of doors and took several turns up and down the avenue, mounting guard over the Stone House, expecting I knew not what developments to reward my observation. But my vague anticipations were doomed to disappointment. The dwelling gave

forth no signs of life or habitation. It remained simply the cold white corpse of a once happy home.

Two or three days after this, however, I was detained by my severe illness of one of Madam's beneficiaries until an unusually late hour. So late was it that Mr. Spencer, whom I met as I was passing through the village, remonstrated with me concerning my being out at such a time, and insisted upon accompanying me as far as the gates. As I approached the Stone House I detected—perhaps no one but a person bent on discovery would have noted it—a line of light, a mere luminous thread, gleaming through the interstice of the shutters of one window. I paused some moments, watching it closely. I gained nothing further from my observation, however, and, fearing to delay Madam's dinner by my absence, shortly after forsook my post and went back to The Ivies, in a state of great doubt and perplexity.

I could not see my course clear in the matter. Had I been instructed in the story of Madam's life, I should have better known how to act. As it was I feared to touch raw wounds, to make trouble for my beloved mistress, by alluding to a mystery which might be connected with past suffering and sorrow. But I did resolve upon one thing—that I would put a few questions to old Franklin, and, possibly, take him into my confidence. Accordingly, that night, after I had conducted Madam



"FRANKLIN, DOES ANYONE EVER GO INTO THE STONE HOUSE?"

back to the boudoir when dinner was over, I asked her to excuse me for a few moments, and returned again to the dining-room, where I found the ancient servitor clearing the table.

"Franklin," I began, "does anyone ever go into the Stone House for any purpose?"

The old fellow had greeted my appearance with a welcoming smile, for, as I have said, I was a favorite with him, and he was always gratified if

I singled him out for special notice. At my words, however, his face fell into gloom, and his voice, as he replied to my question, was grave and troubled.

"No one, Miss Lothrop," he said, with curt brevity.

"Who has the keys to it?" I continued, determined not to be discouraged by his apparent disrelish of the subject.

"Mrs. Mayberry," he answered.

"Don't you ever go down there, to see if things are as they should be? Does not Madam expect someone to see that it is kept in proper repair? She has told me that she has an affection for the place; is it not your duty to see that the house does not suffer from neglect?"

I almost regretted my questions, so shocking an effect did they produce upon the faithful old soul. His aged face worked, his lips trembled, and his hands, that held a tray of glasses, shook so that their burden jingled noisily.

"O Miss Lothrop," he begged, "don't ask me to go down there! What is wrong? I will send proper persons to make any repairs that may be necessary, but I cannot go down there myself. I cannot—no, indeed I cannot. Madam knows that I have never been down there since that cursed day and she would not ask it of me. Mr. Chester will soon be home now; can't that ever's wrong wait till he comes? Can't it, now? Can't it, miss?" His voice broke down at the last with emotion and anxiety.

I saw that for some unknown reason he was too powerfully affected by the neighborhood of the place to venture into to serve me as an untroubled confidant. I thought it better, therefore, to throw him wholly off the scent, for, as he was not available as confidant, he might be obstructive, if suspicious.

"Oh, I do not know that anything is really wrong there," I replied. "I dare say things are in very good condition. I was only speculating about it, and as I have a woman's curiosity, Franklin, I thought I would ask you to let me go over the house some time with you, if you were in the habit of visiting it occasionally."

He gave an unaffected shudder.

"I would as soon go into a house where I had committed murder," he remarked gloomily.

"But perhaps Mrs. Mayberry would take me down there some time; doesn't she ever go down to air it?"

The housekeeper herself answered me. She had come out from behind a screen that hid the pantry, and advanced softly as she spoke.

"Mrs. Mayberry has too much consideration for your nerves, my dear young lady," she said in her harsh, unpleasant tones, which no effort on her part could render pleasant or agreeable, "to subject you to the influence of that dreary dwelling. No one enters it, even to care for it—no one," she repeated emphatically.

"And yet," I said, in a lowered tone for Franklin, probably glad to shift upon other shoulders the burden of a theme he shrunk from discussing, had moved away and was busying himself about the table, and I did not wish him to catch my words—"As I came up the avenue this evening I am sure I saw the glimmer of a light in the house."

If she was in any way concerned in the mystery, she was too wary to be caught napping. Her air of mingled surprise and incredulity was unmistakable, and if she was acting a part I thought she possessed a rare gift of dissembling.

"unless, indeed, the Stone House is becoming haunted."

I laughed, and went back to Madam, wondering as I went if she perhaps thought to arouse in me superstitious fears, thinking that if she succeeded I should of my own accord give up protracted wanderings which would oblige me to pass the dismal dwelling after nightfall.

Two weeks passed without further event, and I was about concluding that I had really imagined the singular incidents which had aroused my suspicion, when they received fresh confirmation.

I had been reading one evening to Madam, and later she had fallen into a somewhat confidential mood with me, and had dwelt at some length upon the character of her son, whose advent we were now expecting from day to day. She spoke of him in dattering terms, yet in a sort of strange and distant way, that appeared to me unlike the usual attitude of mother to son. Mingled with the strong admiration of her regard for him there was a kind of veiled respect such as we accord our superiors, but which we rarely testify towards our equals. It evinced an aloofness in intimate sympathy, I thought, and it created in me a feeling of awe of the man who had inspired such sentiments in one so dear as a mother.

"Dorothy," she said, "you will soon see one of the noblest men that I have ever known. He is no handsome man, my Darroctt, and you will not perhaps be able to discover in him the outward semblance of a hero. But learn to know him well, see him tested by experience, and you will feel, as I do, that the world seldom produces men of such type as his."

"And yet you do not love him," I felt like saying, though, of course, I gave no such license to my speech.

When I returned to my own rooms for the night, I put on a loose wrapper, and, as was my custom, seated myself beside my comfortable fire for an hour's reading before going to bed. But my thoughts refused to centre themselves upon my book. I felt it borne in upon me that I was living a romance amid an environment of strange shadow and mystery. I could spare no thought for the consideration of fictitious narrative.

Who was this man who was so soon to invade the seclusion of our lives here in this old mansion? I knew his name and his relationship to my mistress, but who was he? Of what characteristics was he composed? What was his nature, what were his habits, what his likes and dislikes; his tastes, sympathies, prejudices? Would his presence in the house constrain me? Would my society be unwelcome to him? What could be the cause of the incompatibility between him and Madam? These and kindred reflections were occupying my mind when a timid knock at my door brought me back from dream land.

"Come in," I called. The handle turned, and Mrs. Mayberry appeared upon the threshold. I urged her to enter, and she did so, carefully closing the door behind her. Her face was even whiter than usual, and I could see that there was an intense tremulousness in all her muscles, which she only commanded by immense effort.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Miss Lothrop," she said, and I observed that she was glad to steady herself by the support of the back of a chair, "but I have no one else to go to, as I never trouble Madam with domestic matters. One of the maids has burst a blood-vessel, and I do not know what remedies to apply. I have had no experience in similar cases, and I thought you might be able to offer me some suggestion."

I rose at once from my chair. At first it did not occur to me that the woman was not speaking the literal truth. I had a horror of blood myself, and thought her unusual agitation was due to a like sentiment. My first thought was to go to the sufferer.

"Has the hemorrhage stopped?" I asked.

"Nearly," she replied.

"I will go to her at once," I said. "My father died of consumption; I am perfectly informed regarding the proper remedies. Come."

I spoke somewhat peremptorily, as one having authority; but she made no motion of compliance. Indeed, she stretched out her hand as if to detain me.

"No," she responded; "tell me what to do. The girl is of a strange disposition; she has begged me to allow no one to come near her."

"That is nonsense!" I returned impatiently. "Of course, she must have proper medical attention at once. All I can do is to suggest temporary relief. You must wake Holmes (the gardener) and despatch him to Dr. Spencer."

Dr. Spencer? There was a wildness in the ejaculation that first awoke my doubts of her story. She gave a hoarse, hysterical little laugh that struck painfully on the ear; it suggested a pathetically overwrought condition.

"Yes, Dr. Spencer," I repeated. "I would not take the responsibility of this woman's life into my hands."

Even I, prejudiced against her as I was, melted beneath the tragic appeal that came into her glance as I spoke. It was apparent that my words first gave her cause for grave apprehension. "Is it so dangerous as that?" she muttered.

I nodded. She wrung her hands in distress.

"Even then he must not come," she said.

"How foolish!" I exclaimed, out of patience at the delay. "As if Madam would permit any sentimental considerations to stand in the way of such necessity as this! Besides, she need not see the doctor at all. Indeed, she need not even know of his coming. I will take all the responsibility of his coming upon my own shoulders. You need not fear Madam."

It seems as if my words had suggested a welcome excuse to her.

"Yes, I fear Madam; it is that," she replied, with obstinate firmness. "I must not send for him; Madam would not like it."

"You are a fool!" I cried at the end of my forbearance. "Then, if you will have it so, I shall go myself to Madam, and ask her permission. I will not consent to allow you to trifle with the life of a fellow being so senselessly. Let me go, Mayberry! I command it!"

For she had thrown herself in most melodramatic fashion upon my path,

and was holding me fast with her poor thin weak hands.

"You must not go—you shall not!" she exclaimed. "You do not know the reasons why Dr. Spencer never comes to this house, do you? I see by your look you don't. Then let me tell you that Madam would rather die than have him enter her doors. Now will you be satisfied?"

Although at the time I had not much confidence in her statement yet her agitation was so great and sincere that I had not the courage to insist upon a suggestion which carried such terror with it.

"I wash my hands of you," I said. "If this girl dies I shall lay her death at your door. You will neither send for the doctor nor will you let me see her. There is some mystery at work here; I am sure of it; and I tell you frankly that when Mr. Chester comes I shall share my suspicions with him. Now I will describe what you are to do for the maid."

The misery in her face was appalling. "Miss Lothrop," she burst forth, with tears of agony coursing down her seamed cheeks, "what have I done to you that you should hunt me like this? Haven't I tried to make you comfortable ever since you came to The Ivies? Haven't I waited on you to the best of my power? Haven't I studied all your wants and tried to fulfill them? Have I ever caused you annoyance, or have I been in any way disrespectful? If I have not been all I should owe to you, tell me, and I will humbly beg your pardon. There must be some reason why you are bent on persecuting me."

"You are talking nonsense!" I returned firmly, yet feeling a little ashamed nevertheless, for it was true that she had rendered me every attention since I had made one of the household. "It is no personal motive that influences me against the course of conduct you are pursuing, but an aversion to secret proceedings in general. I feel that my duty to Madam impels me to discover to her your strange and incomprehensible actions."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MERCHANT'S LUNCHEON.

The Office Boy's Doughnut Tempted Him—Showed His Gratitude.

A rich merchant sat at the desk in his office, alone. He leaned back in his chair, and drew a long, hard breath quite like a sigh; for he had been struggling all day with difficult business problems, and he was weary in body and mind. Some people think a rich man never has anything to do; but they little know how hard he often has to work, first to gain and then to keep his riches. It was long past the luncheon hour, and it suddenly occurred to this man that he was faint and hungry; yet he was not ready to leave his work and was about to return to his calculations when he caught sight of a little brown package lying on a shelf near by. It was the package of luncheon which his little office boy brought with him every day, and to-day the boy, having been sent on some distant errand, had not yet had time to partake of it. The merchant arose from his seat, took down the package and looked carefully at it. Just such packages had his own beloved mother tied up for him, when he himself, a poor office boy, first began the career which had brought him to his present splendid position. Slowly he untied the string and opened the package. Two nice sandwiches of fresh home-made bread, with a little cold meat between, a piece of old-fashioned-looking pie, and oh!—a genuine New England doughnut! Tears rose to the eyes of the rich man as memory carried him back to the days of his boyhood, and to the loving deeds of that dear mother. Here was the very luncheon she had often prepared for him! And after a few moments he ate it up, every crumb, with far more enjoyment than an elaborate dinner would have given him, and then, refreshed and comforted, he returned to his work.

Soon after, the belated boy came in, and after reporting to his master, he was surprised to hear him say: "Have you had any luncheon to-day, my boy?" The boy replied in the negative, with a glance at the shelf, when the gentleman said with a smile: "Yes, it is gone. I have eaten it up." Then, handing the astonished boy a five dollar bill, he said: "Go out now and get some luncheon; but I want to thank you for the best one I have had for many a long year. And don't you forget, my boy, to be thankful that you have something which I lost long ago, and that is, a good mother."

"LET ME GO, MAYBERRY! I COMMAND IT."

The dwarfed creature drew herself up, with a look of passionate adoration upon her face that positively ennobled it. For a brief moment she seemed invested with absolute dignity of bearing.

"And I," she responded, in a tone as firm as my own, if less musical, "I feel that my duty to Madam impels me to sacrifice more than my life itself to conceal from her the motive for these actions. More than this I cannot say. But let me warn you, Miss Lothrop, that if you meddle in matters of which you know nothing, you will some day live to repent it. Now I must go. Will you be so good as to tell me what I must do for my patient?"

Once more she was the servile dependant. I sketched a line of action for her, and she took her departure, hoarsely murmuring her thanks as she went.

In the morning I asked Franklin how his niece was, and, as I suspected, evoked his surprise by my inquiry. Neither of the women was ill, why had I asked that such was the case? I evaded his question. In the course of the morning an event occurred which, for a time, eclipsed all recollection of Mayberry's queer proceedings.

I was engaged in singing to Madam about eleven o'clock. We were wont to vary our occupations by a little music, of which she was passionately fond. She had, in especial, a liking for old ballads, although she had also a classical taste, and was well acquainted with the works of modern composers. I had been singing an old English song, "She wandered down the mountain side," and the vibration of my voice was still echoing through the room when a knock came upon the door. I rose, as was my custom, to answer it. I expected to find either Franklin or Mayberry standing without, but, to my amazement, my eyes fell upon the figure of a stranger! It did not require wonderful intuition to tell me who stood before me, but my first thought was for Madam. I feared for the effect of this surprise, therefore, acted as if I had a right to govern his conduct. Quickly glancing at my beloved mistress, who sat, calm and unsuspecting, with her gaze turned full upon us, and her mind beneath the spell of the ballad, I placed a warning finger on my lips, and with my other hand withheld the stranger from entering the room. I felt that I must prepare Madam.

I was but an instant thus hesitating, but in that instant Madam awoke from her abstraction.

"Did I not hear a knock, Dorothy?" she asked. "I thought you opened the door, child. I feel that it is still open. What is it?"

There is certainly a presence in maternal affection. Before the man had time to obey the impulse which I saw I could no longer restrain, so fearful had been the effect upon him of that manifestation of the awful affliction which had come upon his mother during her wretched loneliness, she had cried out his name—cried it with an intonation that gave the lie to my conviction that there was no love for him in her heart. In another moment his arms were about her, and I was standing upon the other side of the closed door.

The home-coming of its master naturally made a considerable difference in the simple domestic routine of The Ivies. A more ceremonious manner of living always follows upon the installation of a male head of a household.

Eighty per cent. of Portuguese peasants can neither read nor write.

The Tunnels of the World.

If all the tunnels of the world were placed end to end they would reach a distance of 514 miles. They number about 1,142.

Portuguese Peasants.

Eighty per cent. of Portuguese peasants can neither read nor write.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT HIS ARMS WERE ABOUT HER.

Madam and I had preferred informality; Darroctt Chester, although a man of few requirements, wished those requirements, properly fulfilled. Our household began to broaden itself out; unused rooms were demanded of their swathing and opened to the light of day; more elaborate and more numerous courses were served at the meals, which now became a function rather than an incident of our days; the stables received fresh accessions, and an air of birth or resurrection, rather than of death, seemed to invest the place. As for my dear lady herself, I could see that the return of her son had brought a living interest into her existence to which she had long been a stranger.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MERCHANT'S LUNCHEON.

The Office Boy's Doughnut Tempted Him—Showed His Gratitude.

A rich merchant sat at the desk in his office, alone. He leaned back in his chair, and drew a long, hard breath quite like a sigh; for he had been struggling all day with difficult business problems, and he was weary in body and mind. Some people think a rich man never has anything to do; but they little know how hard he often has to work, first to gain and then to keep his riches. It was long past the luncheon hour, and it suddenly occurred to this man that he was faint and hungry; yet he was not ready to leave his work and was about to return to his calculations when he caught sight of a little brown package lying on a shelf near by. It was the package of luncheon which his little office boy brought with him every day, and to-day the boy, having been sent on some distant errand, had not yet had time to partake of it. The merchant arose from his seat, took down the package and looked carefully at it. Just such packages had his own beloved mother tied up for him, when he himself, a poor office boy, first began the career which had brought him to his present splendid position. Slowly he untied the string and opened the package. Two nice sandwiches of fresh home-made bread, with a little cold meat between, a piece of old-fashioned-looking pie, and oh!—a genuine New England doughnut! Tears rose to the eyes of the rich man as memory carried him back to the days of his boyhood, and to the loving deeds of that dear mother. Here was the very luncheon she had often prepared for him! And after a few moments he ate it up, every crumb, with far more enjoyment than an elaborate dinner would have given him, and then, refreshed and comforted, he returned to his work.

Soon after, the belated boy came in, and after reporting to his master, he was surprised to hear him say: "Have you had any luncheon to-day, my boy?" The boy replied in the negative, with a glance at the shelf, when the gentleman said with a smile: "Yes, it is gone. I have eaten it up." Then, handing the astonished boy a five dollar bill, he said: "Go out now and get some luncheon; but I want to thank you for the best one I have had for many a long year. And don't you forget, my boy, to be thankful that you have something which I lost long ago, and that is, a good mother."

"LET ME GO, MAYBERRY! I COMMAND IT."

The dwarfed creature drew herself up, with a look of passionate adoration upon her face that positively ennobled it. For a brief moment she seemed invested with absolute dignity of bearing.

"And I," she responded, in a tone as firm as my own, if less musical, "I feel that my duty to Madam impels me to sacrifice more than my life itself to conceal from her the motive for these actions. More than this I cannot say. But let me warn you, Miss Lothrop, that if you meddle in matters of which you know nothing, you will some day live to repent it. Now I must go. Will you be so good as to tell me what I must do for my

Exhibiting The Fairways
Concluded Upon Us During
1908, The New Year Will
Be Opened By Unusual Bar-
gains. Our First Offer is
a Tremendous Mark-Down On
CLOAKS.

If You Want a Good Win-
ter Garment Very Cheap
Come And See Us.

LEWIS E. STAPLE,
7 Market Street.

Where Will
You Take It?

After having consulted your phy-
sician, the question often arises,
where shall I take my prescription?
You should go to the best drug-
store that you know—one who will use only
the best drugs and will not fill it if
he hasn't the right kind. Go where
you will always find experienced
graduates in charge, who will over-
see each prescription and exercise
the greatest care in dispensing. Our
prescription department is conduct-
ed in this careful manner.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY

PHILBRICK'S BLOCK

Portsmouth, N. H.

W. E. Paul

Sanitary Plumber,
Heating Engineer
and Contractor.
WINDMILLS AND PIPING.

SOLE AGENT FOR

MAGEE
Boston Heater Furnace
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Grand Ranges and Stoves.
KITCHEN FURNISHING GOOD.

TELEPHONE 55-5,
39 to 45 Market Street.

AUCTIONEER

For The Sale Of

Real and Personal Property

In Any Part of the State.

TOBEY'S

Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress St.

WE HAVE

CANDY
At All Prices From
10 Cents a Pound Up.
Call and See Our Stock.

RALPH GREEN,
35 Congress Street.

THE HERALD.

TUESDAY, JAN. 24, 1899.

OBITUARY.

Alvah Jellison.

The death of this well-known citizen and veteran of the war of the rebellion, which occurred at his late residence, No. 43 Deer street, on Monday evening, after a brief illness from the grip, will prove a great shock to his many friends, and will be learned with sincere regret by the entire community in which he has lived for the major part of his life and where he was universally respected. Mr. Jellison was a native of the town of Keenebunk, Me., and at the age of seventeen years enlisted in the Nineteenth Maine, regiment and at the battle of Gettysburg, July 1863, was desperately wounded by a shell in the repulse of Pickett's famous charge. As a result of this wound he was honorably discharged from the service. In 1866 he came to this city and having recovered from his injuries obtained employment on the navy yard where he remained for several years. Later he entered the employ of the Boston & Maine railroad, as fireman, and for several years ran on the Dover branch until failing eyesight compelled him to relinquish the position. At the time of his decease he was janitor of the Farragut school, a position he filled with great faithfulness and was most popular with teachers and scholars.

His age was fifty-four years, nine months and twenty-two days.

A wife, one son, Percy, seventeen years old; two sisters, residents of Keenebunk, and one brother, Oliver, of this city, survive him.

He was a charter member of General Gilman Marston Command, Union Veterans Union, having joined that organization at its formation. The funeral will probably take place on Thursday.

Mrs. Georgiana Grant, wife of Mr. John Grant, died on Monday afternoon at her home in Kittery after a long illness of cancer of the stomach, which she bore with patience.

The deceased was one of the best known ladies in Kittery, where she was greatly beloved by all.

She leaves her husband, four sons, Samuel E., Henry U., John E. and Leander D., all of Kittery.

THE CAKE WALK.

A genuine derby cake walk, followed by a dance, brought out a large and interested audience in Philbrick hall Monday evening, and the former proved to be one of the most amusing events of the season. Joy and Philbrick's orchestra furnished the music, and nearly a dozen professional cake walkers competed for the magnificent prize cake.

All of them were very evenly matched, and the judges, Messrs. Arthur Horton, John J. Kelly and Harry Snow, found it difficult to select the winner. It finally narrowed down to two couples, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vaigel, and Mr. D. A. Donovan and Mrs. Mollie Morse Bradley. It was nip and tuck which won the best, but after several trials the judges awarded the prize to Mr. and Mrs. Vaigel, and their decision met the approval of the large audience.

Dancing followed the cake walk, and until a late hour many from the galleries joined in the festivities. The managers are to be congratulated on the success of the affair, as they furnished an evening brim full of fun and enjoyment.

For Over Twenty Years

"My husband had rheumatism so that he could not walk without crutches. He took a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and has had no rheumatism since. I have taken it myself and my health is now better than for over twenty years." Mrs. John T. Wadleigh, Box 191, Westport, Vermont.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills. Easy to take, easy to operate; reliable sure 25c.

ORDERED TO NORFOLK.

Mate John L. Vennard, U. S. N., commanding the U. S. S. Piscataqua at this navy yard, was on Monday detached from that vessel and ordered to the U. S. R. S. Franklin at Norfolk, Va.

Mr. Vennard has been on duty at this yard for many years as captain of the yard tug, and his friends will regret the orders detaching him.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Today, and every day next week, our advertised agents, the Globe Grocery Co., will sell you a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "The Best Salve in the World," and guarantee it to cure Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Blisters, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cure Piles or Hemorrhoids.

H. E. BUCKLEN & CO.,
Chicago, Ill.
A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Burdock Blood Bitters is the natural, never failing remedy for a lazy liver.

A NEW LAND

An Improvement Through Which Another Section of the Pine Tree State is Brought Into Prominence

For sometime back there has been much talk regarding the building of a line of railroad into that widely known section of Maine, Washington County, but it was only last year that the enterprise was launched, and those who are interested financially predict a boom for that section that will be far reaching. Every part of Maine when properly developed has brought rich returns commercially and otherwise, and the bringing of Washington County into close connection with the great cities of the east will prove no exception.

The time was, and only a few months ago at that, when Eastport, Machias and a score of other sizable places could be reached only at infrequent periods during the summer season and in winter time when weather permitted, and then only by a boat or stage journey. But now there is a great difference, for there is a daily service to all points in that vicinity, the train leaving Boston daily, except Saturday, at 7:45 p. m. and on Sundays at 7:00 p. m. makes direct connection for those points and sleeping cars run as far as Bangor.

For the sportsman Washington County is a perfect paradise; the streams, ponds and lakes abound in the finest specimens of trout, bass and salmon, and the forest regions through which the road passes is a hunting ground, spacious, and to this time, but frequently explored. We have but just commenced to realize what this vast tract will open to us.

WANT TO CONSOLIDATE.

A bill has been introduced into the House and referred to the committee on railroads to consolidate the three corporations known as the Exeter street railway, the Hampton and Amesbury street railway and the Rockingham Electric company. These three corporations are principally owned by the same stockholders and by the consolidation it is expected to considerably reduce operating expenses and form one corporation to be known as the Exeter, Hampton and Amesbury Street Railway company. The lines of the two railway corporations connect with each other and the dynamo and power plant of the Rockingham Electric company obtain their power from the plant of the Electric Street Railway company and the two corporations are practically operated together. Among the parties interested in the corporation to be formed by uniting the three corporations are William H. C. Follansbee, Stephen H. Gale, Albert S. Wetherell, Albert E. McReel and Rufus N. Elwell of Exeter, Warren Brown of Hampton and Wallace D. Lovell and others of Boston.

MAY NOT COME HERE

If the Washington Correspondent of the New York Tribune is to be believed we will not see the two Captured Spanish boats Alvarado and Sandoval here after all. In speaking of the captured vessels, the Tribune says:

After the fall of Santiago, when Guanabaco was surrendered, the Spaniards, on deserting the Sandoval, sunk her, and she was not raised until September 1. Both vessels were constantly used during the wrecking operations on the vessels of Cervera's fleet, but they started North in November, ordered to the Portsmouth Navy Yard for extensive repairs. The rough weather encountered at this time of the year north of Cape Hatteras compelled them to enter the Chesapeake, and their further cruise Northward has been abandoned for the present, it being the intention of the naval authorities to rehabilitate them at Washington or at Norfolk.

TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL.

Miss Mary Graham, an aged woman living on Green street, fell near the Green street railroad crossing on Sunday evening and was severely bruised. She was taken to her home, but no physician was summoned until Monday afternoon, when Dr. Benj. Cheever was called and found her in great pain and suffering from a fractured rib. He ordered her removed to the Cottage hospital at once for treatment.

WHIST TOURNAMENT

The result of the games played in the P. A. C. whist tournament last evening is as follows:
McCarthy and Gray defeated Cotton and Sides, 30 to 17.
Tibbitts and Martin defeated Smith and Vennard, 30 to 22.
Cotton and Sides defeated McCarthy and Gray, 30 to 22.

ON ANOTHER TOOT

Chief Engineer Randall sends that fire going to the wrong place. Koolay Institute, North Conway, should be written on the tag the next time it goes away.

PERSONALS.

Miss Julia D. Moses was a visitor in Boston on Monday.

Rev. Daniel Murphy of Dover was a visitor here Monday.

Mr. Samuel Ramsdell of Dover passed Monday in this city.

Mrs. Charles H. Prime of this city passed Monday in Dover.

Mr. Valentine A. Mathes of Dover was a visitor here Monday.

Dwight Hall, Esq., city solicitor of Dover, was in town Monday.

City Driver W. Wallace Webster went home ill on Monday evening.

Mr. Arthur J. Freeman is confined to his home on Columbia street by illness.

Miss Harriet P. Dame, the aged nurse, is again seriously ill in Concord.

Representative M. M. Collis of Ward two went to Concord on Monday noon.

Photographer L. V. Newell went to Boston and Lawrence today on a business trip.

Mrs. Frank Downing is seriously ill at her home on Langdon street, with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hall of Rye Beach are passing the week in Washington and Old Point Comfort.

Mr. Arthur G. Abbott, night telegraph operator at Dover, was here on Monday for a short time.

Eon. E. S. Marshall of York went to Augusta on Monday to assist in auditing the accounts of the state treasurer.

Manager Charles P. Berry of the Portsmouth Shoe company is expected home from her southern trip tomorrow.

Miss Ida Shackley, one of the teachers at the Whipple school, is ill and Miss Minnie Woods is substituting for her.

Mrs. Joseph Hoyt of Newington returned on Monday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Fannie P. Cowles in Boston.

Miss Grace Hoyt left on Monday for Brookline, Mass., where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Arthur Heaton.

Captain W. H. Kell, 22d Regt., U. S. A., and bride, started this Tuesday forenoon for Omaha, where his regiment is just now stationed.

Rev. O. S. Baketel, presiding elder of the Manchester district, formerly pastor of Trinity M. E. church, was a visitor here on Monday.

Rev. O. S. Baketel, presiding elder of the Manchester district, returned to Manchester this morning after passing a couple of days in this city and vicinity.

Representative A. C. Anderson of Ward two, who has been ill for a few days with the grippe, was able to be out on Monday and return to Concord this morning.

Willie Mains, the celebrated ex-pitcher of the Springfield, was in town Monday and passed several hours with his former clubmate, Walter Woods. Mains is on his way to Boston from his home in Maine.

ENTERTAINED FRIENDS

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Stoddard of Richards avenue entertained a party of friends at their pleasant home on Monday evening. The evening was pleasantly passed at whist.

At the conclusion of the play it was found that the ladies' prize had been won by Mrs. Ralph Gould and the gifts, by Mr. William Newick. The consolations were awarded to Mr. and Mrs. John N. Goodall.

Refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, were served by the hostess.

FOR WIFE BEATING.

John Varney, a veteran of the War of the Rebellion, is confined at the station charged with wife beating. John's home is on Linden street where he resides with his wife. He draws a pension from the government and this is what caused his downfall. His good wife asked him for a portion of his last remittance and he in righteous indignation dashed the contents of a glassful of whiskey in her face. This he followed up with a violent laying on of the hands. Mrs. Varney had her leg broken and will probably not appear against him in court.

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CITY BRIEFS.

"Let not your grief be uncontrolled, Mid temper rash. Think of the trouble we have sold For ready cash." *Washington Star*

Rain is predicted.

Prof. Cushman coming Thursday.

The legislators went to Concord again today.

This promises to be a lively week in social circles.

The springlike weather holds out remarkably well.

The skating has been somewhat affected by the warm spell.

It will be but three weeks, and then will come the Lenten season.

Several enthusiastic wheelmen were seen on the streets yesterday.

Skating is still popular with the youngsters, although the ice surfaces are not very good.

The "B. G." Londree is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

Wanted at once—A capable girl for general housework, apply at 21 Wibird street, Mrs. Charles E. Almy.

Have your shoes repaired by John W. Mott, 34 Congress street. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hand sewed work a specialty.

Tickets for the P. C. C. minstrel show go on sale on Wednesday morning at 8:30 at the box office in Philbrick's block.

Over 2000 electric lights will be used in the setting at the P. C. C. minstrel show on Friday evening, and a chorus of sixty voices will be heard.

Senator Chandler was one of the honorary pall bearers at the funeral in Washington Saturday of the late John Russell Young, librarian of congress.

Anyone wishing tickets for the Governor's ball at Concord on the evening of January 25th can procure them from Hoyt & Dow; price \$5.00.

Gen. George M. L. Lane is a candidate for re-election and commander of the New England brigade, and his candidacy is favored by the Manchester line officers. Outside of that city, several of the line officers are understood to favor Col. Tolles of Nashua for the position.

Superintendent James H. Fassett of the Nashua public schools has inaugurated a war against the local tobacco dealers who sell cigarettes to school children in violation of the statutes. Supt. Simpson would do well to make a few inquiries as to where the boys of the grammar schools procure the cigarettes which they are seen smoking on the streets.

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MAY BE LATER

Congressman Clarke Not Seeking for Plum From Granite State

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—In reply to a question regarding the truth of the recently published statements that he was a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Senator Chandler, Congressman Frank G. Clarke said:

"My answer to that question has always been that I am not a candidate. That is my answer to you. It will be two years before a Legislature meets to elect Senator Chandler's successor. In the words of a political sage in New Hampshire, long since dead, each Legislature has not been chosen yet. What my attitude may be in a year from now I cannot say. It will depend upon circumstances."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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